

CHARIVARIA.

It is interesting to notice the simple way in which our Royal Princes are being brought up. They have to undergo all the hardships of ordinary little boys. Last week, for instance, they were taken to the British Museum.

The Vicar of Thames Ditton announces that during the boating season special seats will be reserved in his church for persons who wish to attend in boating costume. It remains to be seen now whether a similar concession will be made to bathers.

It is denied that the Anti-Gambling Society intends to initiate proceedings against the actors and actresses taking part in *Raffles*.

An advertisement issued by the proprietors disposes once and for all of the rumour that the new daily paper *The Majority* is to be the peculiar organ of the Labour Party. The forthcoming journal, it is stated, "will be tolerant and courteous to those with whose opinions it does not agree."

The present Government evidently hopes to cover up its sins of omission by sins of Commission.

At a time when it is being suggested that all policemen are not free from guile, it seems only fair to draw attention to the fact that a constable told Mr. PLOWDEN at Marylebone Police Court on the 12th inst. that he did not think a cabman would make a charge that was not correct.

The Duchess of TECK opened, last week, an institution which has been neatly described as a Horsepital, Dogpital, and Catpital.

Nerve specialists, it is said, are now recommending a "Silence Cure" for ladies who suffer from nerves. The patients have to set apart a certain number of hours in which no word is spoken. A lady we know tried this treatment with a curious result. She herself came out in a rash, but her husband, who suffered from headaches, recovered.

The news, published in *The Daily Mail*, that Telegraph Boys are to be abolished will come as a surprise to many. "The War Office authorities," states our contemporary, "are encouraging by all the means in their power the practical instruction in shooting of the Post Office telegraph messenger boys." We shall miss the little fellows.

While scratching his nose last week,



PROGRESS.

"I MAINTAIN THAT THE RACE HAS IMPROVED IN PHYSIQUE SINCE THOSE DAYS. NOW WE COULDN'T GET INTO THAT ARMOUR!"

with the end of a loaded revolver, a Parisian gentleman accidentally pulled the trigger and blew off the tip of his proboscis. This confirms the theory as to the danger of such a proceeding which has long been held by many thoughtful persons both in this country and in France.

During the cold snap last week a huge skate was caught in the Channel.

Sir W. B. RICHMOND has been complaining of the lack of great men in the country. Surely he is mistaken. So long as our photographic papers exist,

and have to be filled every week, England will never want for great men.

Mount Detula, in Luzon, has sunk into the earth, and its place has been taken by a large lake. The local publicity bureau, with enterprise we cannot praise too highly, is now, we hear, advertising "A Constant Change of Scenery," with a view to attracting settlers.

There is no satisfying some people. Having barely escaped from San Francisco, Signor CARUSO has been bringing the house down at Covent Garden.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

THOSE great Twin Brethren, the GATTI Adelphi, must have smiled grimly last week over the ghost of Melodrama, visiting the very home of its ancient prime. Grimly, for Olympus has grown superior to its appeal; and though, in a few bright spasms of the old rapture, the gods applauded the once cherished conventions, they ultimately recognised the error of their attitude, and booted at the end like educated people, till the Safety Curtain was lowered.

Yet it did not seem that that talented writer, Mrs. DE LA PASTURE, set out to make a melodrama. *The Lonely Millionaires* gave promise, at first, of being a light comedy, a gayer version of the idea in *Les Affaires sont les Affaires*. And then, just as a comic element is introduced for the relief of serious matter, so here it was melodrama that was brought in to stiffen the lighter stuff. A dangerous experiment; for the step from the sublime to the ridiculous is easy enough, but the opposite process is often fraught with excruciating difficulties. And scarcely a single actor achieved the ascent with any show of comfort, unless it was Mr. ASCHÉ, and his part was so simple as almost to play itself, with the help of a Lancashire brogue and a briar pipe. Not one of the other characters who were asked to shift about "from lively to severe" was happy in both styles. Miss LILY BRAYTON, as the millionaire's wilful daughter, was charming in the lighter scenes, but never very comfortable when heavy business was asked of her; and Mr. MATHESON LANG, one of those loose-limbed, restless young men who rush about and leave the scenery no peace, made up for an over-accentuation of his comedy part by a rather perfunctory performance in the "stronger" scenes, and finally resigned himself to the mere recitation of heroic platitudes.

On the other hand, Miss ANNIE SCHLETTER, who was not called upon to be anything but serious, gave a very fresh and varied impersonation of the jealous wife of the Italian drawing-master in a scene which her cleverness alone saved from banality; while Miss LOTTIE VENNE, whose lines were cast within the limits of pure and unrelieved comedy, played to admiration the part of a delectable widow.

It was a personal triumph, for she owed it far less to the things she had to say than to her captivating way of saying them. Indeed the author seldom seemed to press home her opportunities for the humour which she clearly possesses. She might, for instance, with advantage have given wider scope to the character of that importunate suitor, the fatuous Lord Frederick. We saw far too little of Mr.

GAYER MACKAY, whose excellent fooling in a similar part contributed so much to the popularity of *Dr. Wake's Patient*.

Mr. CHARLES ROCK acted with a fine imperturbability as a butler with a habit of "hoverin'" which recalled one of TOOLE's characters; and Mr. BRYDONE gave a solid interpretation of the part of a pawky Scotch doctor. The stage movement in favour of pawky Scotch doctors will be recognised by those who saw *The Alabaster Staircase*, though it is only fair to Mrs. DE LA PASTURE to say that she was first in the field with a previous amateur performance of the present play.

Finally, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD as the drawing-master—a sort of *Lucentio* to the Bianca of Miss LILY BRAYTON—Italian in face and voice and gesture, but concealing, under passionate externals, the cool impudence of Semitic commercialism,



Smouldering Asches.

did some excellent things; but his appearance, which served him well enough in his more sordid passages, lent an extreme improbability to the fascination which he exercised over the guileless heart of his girl-pupil.

There was the same improbability about the relationship, somewhat tediously insisted upon, of the widow and the hero. It is no reflection on Miss LOTTIE VENNE's personal charm, unstated as it is by custom, to say that nobody was prepared to accept the allegation that *Lady Medwin* was the junior of Mr. MATHESON LANG's *Sir Charles*, who declared himself to be thirty-eight, but looked and behaved like a boy of twenty-three.

In conclusion, the cast was more than good enough for the play. For I am afraid that the *Lonely Millionaires* (and I take the author's word for it that they were in the plural, though she never showed us more than one plutocrat that had any pretensions to solitude) are likely

to justify their description; that, in fact, to borrow from the legend of a recent picture in *Punch*, they are destined from day to day to be left lonelier still. But the author, if her pluck is equal to her wit, will not allow herself to be discouraged; and I, for one, look forward to her swift triumph over certain faults which a fine intelligence should easily repair. To-morrow, then, to fresh woods and PASTURES new! O. S.

"M.P. RIAL EXCURSIONS;"

OR, EDUCATING LITTLE PEDLINGTON.

["If we send select parties of legislators to the Colonies during the recess and make parliamentary vagabonds of them instead of letting them devote their time to going about addressing public meetings, they will be much better fitted on their return for the discharge of their legislative duties. The real corrective of many of the evils of public life is the practice of scientific and enlightened vagabondage in the future. Let us all be not only social but Imperial vagabonds."—Lord Curzon at the *New Vagabonds' Dinner* on May 15.]

The Stay-at-home Politician protesteth:—

WHAT, bid us leave our Parish Pump,
Desert the local tub we thump,
Avoid our Bethel and our Borough,
Go Empire-trotting in a lump,
And give our tongues a rest that's thorough?!

Perish the thought! We do not care
To snuff the keen Colonial air,
Or, like "sundowners," hump our
"billies;"

We of the Centre must forbear
To turn Imperial "Weary Willies!"

We're not the sort to go on tramp,
Or rough it in a back-wood camp—
Our arm-chair life is much too busy!
To stretch our legs would give us
cramp,
Imperial thinking makes us dizzy!

Let others learn who like to roam
What wisdom lies across the foam;
We won't to pet beliefs say 'Ta-ta!
'Tis easier far to stay at home
And earn the style of "Pro-BAMBAATA!"

No, like the folks down Sussex way,
Who view adventures with dismay
And of the teaching tribe are jealous;—
"Tis what we knows, we knows,"
they say,
"And what we *don't* know, none need
tell us!" ZIG-ZAG.

EXTRACT from testimonial in *The Keighley News*:—

"But I am thankful to say, after five weeks of your Indian treatment . . . the girl can read and write with her right eye as well as with the left."

This makes the ordinary ambidextrous person look very silly.



TO SUIT ALL NEEDS.

JOHN BULL (*in a hurry*). "OH, I JUST WANTED TO ASK——"

C.-B. (*shopwalker*). "QUITE SO, SIR. WE HAVE THE VERY ARTICLE YOU REQUIRE. ROYAL COMMISSION DEPARTMENT THIS WAY, SIR."





Maid. "THERE'S A MUCH BETTER TONE IN THIS HOUSE NOW, M'M, THAN THERE USED TO BE."

Lady (indignantly). "INDEED! I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, CHALMERS."

Maid. "OH, M'M, I MEAN DOWNSTAIRS, OF COURSE. NOT UPSTAIRS."

SPRING IN LONDON.

AN ODE.

Now in good sooth I know that Spring is here!
The gay, the jocund Spring
(Ring-ting-a-ling!)
For see, on every hand
The signs, the signs and portents re-appear,
And all is brave, and bountiful, and bland.

Now the commodious mansions of the Great
Disdain anew their wintry grime,
And in no time
The wanton one, the plumber,
Prepares them 'gainst the summer
In dress of glassy white;
Cool, doubtless, and remarkably ornate,
Though trying to the sight.

(Saving for those that wear no vernal dress,
For whom no paint was newly wet,
Who, darkly looming in the vivid row,
Hang out pathetic signals of distress—
To wit—"To LET!
Apply to So-and so.")

See now where at the meeting of the ways
Conflicting traffics press from every side
In Spring's delirious block;
And, like a rock,

ROBERT, the cynosure of every gaze,
Stands in mid-stream, and, pale but calm,
Upstairs an undisputed palm,
And dams the roaring tide.

And lo! the Park! Oh happy scene!
Green are the trees, the grass is green,
So are the chairs!
Here would we sit, and, for a fleeting span,
Let the soft breezes fan
Our brows, and breathe the Babylonian airs:—
Save for yon minion, ever crying "Pence"—
Cursed be he, I say! Come, let us hence.

Mark now the sheep—the good old London sheep!
Some round of wool, and seeming-fat,
Black as your hat,
Contented of regard, or half asleep:—
And others, shorn to half their former size,
Come forth, all coyly skinned,
To the untempered wind
In outraged nakedness, with downcast eyes.

Last of the vernal signs:
Lapped in the fretted umbrage of the trees,
Calmly oblivious of the city's hum,
See where reclines
Th' unwashed wastrel in his verminous ease!

For Spring, indeed, has come!

DUM-DUM.

A CHARITY SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—This, let me inform you, is to be a Charity Season, and your BLANCHE is going to be worked half dead in the "sacred cause." When SHAKESPEARE said, "Charity suffereth long," he must have meant those who work for charity. I'm rather obsessed with SHAKESPEARE just now, for next week we give our amateur performance of *Hamlet* at the "Magnificent" in aid of the Seaside Home for Necessitous and Neuralgic Needlewomen. Our *Hamlet* is Lady CLARGES; and her reading of the part is that *Hamlet* was very much misunderstood, but not mad. She wants to put in one or two contralto songs, but I don't think we shall let her. She looks simply awfully sweet in her "suit of sables;" the "inky cloak" she dispenses with altogether. I do *Laertes*, and our fencing scene, I fully expect, will go with a bang. BOSS wanted to double the parts of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern*, but it would be too much for one person, especially as they are o'ten on at the same time. CROPPY VAVASSOR is the *Ghost*, and a very good one. He means to catch a little cold before the performance, to get his voice more sepulchral.

Then, the day after *Hamlet*, there is the Early British Bazaar, in aid of—I forget what, but something very deserving. We are none of us quite certain how Early Britons ought to dress. CROPPY said something about *woud*: what sort of material is that? and how ought it to be made, do you think? You were always good at history. The drink bar is to be a model of Stonehenge; but as to the correct kind of drinks we are all rather in a hole. Someone suggested pottles of sack, and someone else said mead, or metheglin; but CROPPY says No; the Early Britons drank stuff called *frumenty*—I'd no idea he was so well informed. BABS and I are to lead a sort of religious dance of Druidesses. After the Bazaar's over, I shall have to put in the Opera and three parties, so there won't be much left of your BLANCHE.

Some of us have a lovely idea for helping the Fund for the Orthodox Old. We want to get up living pictures, all from sacred subjects, and give the show in St. Paul's Cathedral. I'm sure we could coax the dear Bishop to say yes;—but then there's the Dean and Chapter too, isn't there? What sort of a thing is a Chapter? Is it coaxable?

The Concert at Clackmannan House in aid of Crippled Chauffeurs went off quite nicely. The Duchess played a Nocturne and Ballade of CHOPIN in her usual brilliant style. (That spiteful little Mrs. JIMMY SHARPE says the dear Duchess *always* plays CHOPIN, because

he's so full of wrong notes that a few extra ones don't matter!) I did a coon-song and cake-walk; and BABS whistled "*Rule, Britannia*," with variations of her own—(very much her own, my dear! Between ourselves, no one else would own them.)—The BOSH TRESYLLYANS did a clog-dance; and for a professional draw we had the Baby Flautist, little Presto Piccolo. He played a tremendous thing of BOROSHKI's, and was fed with a bottle between the movements. Of course it fetched 'em; but you may take it from me, my dear, that the Wonder-Child is just about played out (literally), and that the *swing of the pendulum* is going to make *extreme old age* the correct thing on the concert platform. I hear, on the best authority, that a violinist of ninety-five, and a pianist over a hundred, are to be the *rage* next season.

People are talking of a Lantern Fête to be given in the grounds of Ramsgate House for Lady RAMSGATE's pet charity, The Hopeless Sufferers—masks to be worn till supper-time, and nursery games to be played.

A propos of the RAMSGATES, poor DICKIE SANDYS is really hard hit over the DOLLY DE LACY affair—(he deserted her, you know, on the very *brink* of an offer, and now he's engaged to her grandmother, POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE)—I don't mean that DICKIE is doing anything so *Early Victorian* as to pine or break her heart, but she vows she'll cut both her grandmother and DOLLY.

The question arises, whether one can cut a grandmother? Myself, I should think she would be too tough.

A Dios, carita (we must all try to speak Spanish now). Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

MUSICAL NOTES.

A FEATURE of the next musical season—due no doubt to the recent confident statement of Sir HERMAN WEBER as to the indefinite extension of the normal span of human life—will be the number of farewell concerts to be given by retiring infant or semi-infantile prodigies. The reaction against the rule of "too old at thirteen," which has been so rigorously enforced of late years, is already in full blast, and it is believed that the present Government are preparing a Bill under the provisions of which no instrumentalist or vocalist who has not reached the age of twenty-one will be allowed to perform in public.

Foremost in the ranks of the "farewellers" is the wonderful Lithuanian violinist TAMOSZIUS PASILINKS-MINIMAMS, who is at present touring in the Solomon Islands. TAMOSZIUS, who comes of a noble Lett family, was born in 1890,

and according to the accepted musical chronology of *Letts's Diaries*, is now just eight years old. He has only had one master, but that was no less polysyllabic a polyphonist than the redoubtable VALENTINAVYCZIA AUKSZCZIAUSIS, under whom he rapidly mastered the most transcendental technique of his instrument, while his mother is a relative of the great Bessarabian basso TUSKAR ODOLOVITCH. In the course of the last few years he has amassed a handsome fortune, and is now thinking of devoting himself to politics or poultry farming, re-emerging at intervals of ten or more years in the musical arena under different portions of his surname.

The nomenclature of artists is a matter which is beginning to attract the attention of serious publicists, the need of immediate intervention being emphasised by a painful episode which occurred last Saturday at the Queen's Hall. A recital was being given by a talented young Pole of the name of PETRUNKÉVITCH-SVITNCHITZKY, and during the interval a beautiful lady, well-known in London Society, suddenly burst into tears because she was utterly unable to pronounce the name of the recitalist. She was at once removed to her motor-car and is now in a nursing home recovering from a severe attack of metaphasia bombinans, in which the patient not only calls everything by its wrong name, but repeatedly emits a noise almost indistinguishable from the booming of a Burmese gong.

Several eminent musicians have been interviewed on the subject, and although their suggestions for coping with the evil differ, they are unanimous in the conviction that something must be done. Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON thinks that, as a poetic Nemesis, just as in the old days English artists had to adopt an Italian or foreign pseudonym to gain a hearing, so now all aliens, no matter how accomplished, should be forced to Anglicize their patronymics. The Lord Chief Justice, whose lovely tenor voice vibrates in the memory of all who have had the privilege of hearing him warble in the choir of S. Mary Abbot's, strongly supports the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the question. Professor PLUNKET GREENE suggests that there should be a Pole-tax on all Poles, that alien tenors should all pay an Ut-tax, and that a graduated income-tax should be levied on all foreigners without exception on the basis of the number of syllables in their surnames.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, on being consulted, replied with his usual *bonhomie*, "Let 'em all come. The more the merrier. It strengthens the larynx to have to pronounce such names as HORSSZOWSKI,

LESCHETITZKY, SEVCIK, PUSHKIN and POBEDONOSTZEFF." On the other hand, Professor CHURTON COLLINS takes a grave view of the situation, and is, we understand, preparing an elaborate monograph entitled *The Plague of Polysyllables*. Professor COLLINS would deal drastically with the evil by a short statute providing that all foreign artists should only be licensed to perform in public on the condition of assuming a short monosyllabic alias—such as JIM, TIM, KIM or PIW—or of adopting a registered number. If they broke the law they should, in his opinion, be electrocided without trial.

Encouraging reports continue to come to hand of the new instrument recently invented by Professor HIRAM O. CHIRGWIN, who occupies the chair of Experimental Acoustics in the University of Tipperusalem (Mo.). The instrument, which is made of porcelain with a bell resembling that of a French horn and a mouthpiece identical with that of the *oboe d'amore*, is fitted with a double reed, an inner combustion chamber and seventeen pedals. It thus combines the delicacy of the harp with the pastoral magic of the horn and the impetuous pulsation of the motor-car. Its size is rather a drawback, as not more than three can be got into an ordinary omnibus, but Professor CHIRGWIN hopes in time to perfect a smaller or boudoir model. For the moment he has not definitely fixed on a name for his invention, his choice wavering between the petrolooon, the dudelhorn, and the Chirgoline.

The visit of the Chowbent Festival Choir to London has fully realised all expectations aroused by the reports of their phenomenal qualities. In point of precision, seismic sonority, and what is generally known as tympanoplectic attack they undoubtedly surpass any similar organisation, not even excepting the most famous brass bands of Lancashire and the Midlands. Tested by Professor MILNE's brontograph, one Chowbent soprano produces more disturbance of the ether waves than five of her anæmic metropolitan sisters.

RICHARD STRAUSS, according to latest advices, has just completed a new symphonic poem entitled "Abracadabra," which is dedicated to his analysts and interpreters. The work is divided into five reciprocating sections, and several passages in the full score are happily devised so as to bear a visual resemblance to a barbed-wire entanglement. Prominence is given throughout to a group of four foghorns, which represent the composer's leading interpreters, and in the finale there is an extraordinarily impressive solo for the double-bass foghorn, or contra-fogotto.



THE MOTE AND THE BEAM.

Miss Anita. "DON'T YOU THINK, DEAR, IT WOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT IF THE MEN WERE MADE TO LEAVE THEIR HATS DOWNSTAIRS ALONG WITH THEIR UMBRELLAS?"

A Maltese Cross, or Mongrel English.

(From "The Daily Malta Chronicle.")

"THE dancing was kept up unflagging till far on in the night—a night that robbed the day of a portion of spaces. Indeed but for the sumptuous sitting down supper, which all the same did not fail to gratify every one, the dancing floor would have sounded uninterruptedly with the musical shuffling and the rhythmical beating of the tingling feet of the glowing devotees of the science of

harmonious human glad and gladdening motion."

THE JOURNALISTIC TOUCH.—"Members of the congregation rushed to the doors, and several families fainted."

Yorkshire Evening News.

AT its "Sweated Industries Exhibition," at Queen's Hall, *The Daily News* announces:

19th—MR. L. G. C. MONEY, M.P.
"The Root of the Evil."

MORAL REFLECTIONS AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

III.

Not far from the tail-end of the Diplodocus are several imposing specimens of the Turtle and Tortoise tribes, which are, I should say, the Megatherium's and Mastodon's juniors by some hundreds of centuries. I speak without authority, being no scientist, but if the officials have purchased them as antiques, I am sadly afraid they have been taken in. The style may be that of an earlier period, but I am greatly mistaken if the execution is not comparatively recent. To my eye they look suspiciously fresh and modern.

However, what chiefly struck me about them was their wonderful humanity. These Turtles and Tortoises possess that "one touch of Nature" that "makes the whole world kin" to them. I detest employing a hackneyed quotation—but they *do*. Each of them has his counterpart in this very London of ours. Examine the countenance of "The Leathery Turtle," and you cannot fail to find something strangely familiar in its features.

It was clearly a self-made Turtle, and the turtle would have to be very leathery indeed that could take *him* in. Note the shrewd twinkle in his slightly upcast eye, the humorous, but still secretive, curve of his thin lips. There lies the secret of his success. A Turtle to dine—but *not* to do business—with . . . Well, haven't you met that Turtle—differently dressed, of course—in City circles? I know him quite well. I could even mention his name, which is—but let me beware of becoming indiscreet. I doubt if he is a regular reader of *Punch*, but he *might* have an acquaintance who glances through it occasionally. And, for all I know, a City Magnate might consider it libellous were I to identify him as twin brother to a Leathery Turtle. All the same, if the jury were only given an opportunity of viewing the two together, there would be a verdict for the Defendant. Still, perhaps it is wiser not to risk it.

The "Abingdon Island Tortoise," too, I seem to have met somewhere in this metropolis, on the stage of one of the Music-halls, or in a Pantomime, I fancy. This Tortoise was evidently a popular Low Comedian, and is here preserved in the act of giving his celebrated impersonation of a Blondin Donkey. The moment chosen is that in which, on being requested to perform some trick by his trainer (a brother tortoise), he suddenly "turns nasty." But his finest effect was when, after very reluctantly kissing his exhibitor, he wiped off all traces of the caress with his fore flapper and an air of unaffected disgust which was frankly intended to be offensive. At the "Submarine Empire" several tortoises used to split their shells nightly during this particular "turn." But where be his gibes now? If some Abingdon islander of the present day could behold him in his preserved state, would he not wonder how any generation of tortoises could ever have considered him funny? That is the irony of his immortality.

There can be little doubt about what has been the "North Aldabra Tortoise's" particular walk of life. You may read it in his very attitude; in the somewhat pompous deference with which he supports himself on his curved fore-flappers; in the slightly inclined head, and the obsequious twist of his thick neck. I saw somebody the other day behind a counter who had just that manner as he murmured: "And the *next* article, Madam?"

This Tortoise is exhibited here as he appeared when engaged in pushing "a special line" of celluloid combs, and guaranteeing that they will be found "far superior to the genuine articles, which have now gone quite out of vogue." I should like to think he had no private interest in pushing these "specialities"—but you can never depend upon this species of Tortoise as strictly truthful . . .

We will now leave the Reptiles and proceed to an adjoining

gallery, which contains a series of strikingly realistic *tableaux* illustrating scenes from the Home Life of Representative British Birds. Concerning these exhibits my self-imposed duties as a Moral Reflector compel me to address a few words of earnest remonstrance to the Museum Authorities.

It is not my desire to be censorious or hypercritical; I willingly admit that the skill with which the various *dramatis personæ* have been stage-managed and provided with appropriate scenery and effects is little short of marvellous. But either the official conception of what constitutes feathered domesticity is permeated by a super-Shavian cynicism and flippancy, or else (as dramatic critics are fond of informing the author of an "up-to-date" Society Drama) they have been singularly unfortunate in the types that have come under their observation.

I do not intend to labour this point—I will merely give a few instances to prove that I am not writing at random. First, let me take a scene at "Oak Lodge, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Missel Thrush;" Mr. and Mrs. Thrush have just returned after having been out all day, on business. They are naturally anxious to find out how their offspring (who are three in number) have been conducting themselves during their parents' absence. So far, I agree, there is nothing here that the strictest moralist can object to. . . .

But observe the offspring. It is perfectly plain from their several expressions and general demeanour that they have been guilty of grave misconduct. What, I will not undertake to say—but *some* description of devilry.

Are they represented as overcome by shame and remorse? Are they sobbing out a confession of their peccadillos—to use the mildest term for them—on their parents' bosoms? Not they! The son and heir has jauntily stepped out on a branch to greet his parents, and is obviously lying for all—and more than—he is worth! And his juniors—what of *them*? They are sitting tight inside the nest, one attempting to avoid cross-examination by assuming an air of hopeless imbecility, while the other, with less confidence in his histrionic talent, is pretending to be fast asleep!

Their mother, I fancy, still believes in her children as a trio of half-fledged angels—but in the father's eye there is a light as of dawning suspicion.

Now is such a scene as this likely to impress the young as an example of filial obedience, of straightforwardness, and strict truthfulness? I would respectfully commend this question to the distinguished Director of a Museum to which such great responsibilities have been entrusted by the nation, and leave the answer to his own conscience.

Then what about another scene purporting to represent a typical Kingfisher interior? We are shown the wretched father and mother squabbling furiously in the foreground over a miserable fish, which may or may not be as fresh as one of them (I am not sure which) asserts it to be. Huddling timidly together in a corner, with their poor little bills thrust over each other's shoulders, are the Miss and Master Kingfishers, apparently squeaking in feeble chorus, "Oh, if dear Daddy and Mummy only got on a *little* better together, how *much* happier Home might be!"

There may be a Kingfisher family here and there in which such sordid scenes are not unknown. I am not sufficiently in touch with ornithological circles to say. But even so, why select the exceptions? Need our children's simple faith in the teachings of Dr. Watts be undermined in this insidious manner?

One last example, and I have done: the *tableau* to which I must now, most reluctantly, refer, illustrates a painful crisis in the married life of another couple—Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Daw. They are still apparently in an early stage of their matrimonial career, and, for Mrs. Daw at all events, the glamour has not yet begun to fade. We see her seated on a twig immediately outside the front door of the desirable



SCENE—A London omnibus. Two ladies of somewhat mature age discussing their respective golf handicaps.

First Lady. "WHAT ARE YOU?"

Second Lady. "THREE YEARS AGO I WAS FIFTEEN, NOW I'M EIGHTEEN."

First Lady. "OH, I'VE BEEN SEVENTEEN ALL ALONG!"

Elderly Party (rather merry, who has been listening). "Ho, yuss, as' I'VE STUCK AT NINETEEN!"

tree-trunk which they have taken for the season, dreamily thinking what a fortunate bird she is to possess such a husband as dear Jack, so thoroughly domesticated, and so absolutely content to spend all his evenings quietly indoors!

And on the opposite side of the trunk, where he is secure from observation, we see "dear Jack" sneaking out of his back-door, with the evident object of making a night of it at his Club!

In a Museum in Paris, where the moral standard is of course entirely different, this might be accurate enough as a picture of life, but in this England of ours, and in an institution to which children of the tenderest years are admitted—no, I cannot think it an edifying spectacle for their innocent eyes!

It is my firm belief that the vast majority of our British Birds lead blameless and unimpeachably respectable lives, and to represent the comparatively few nests in which marriage has proved a failure as typical *ménages* amounts to a cruel and undeserved libel on the whole feathered community. They are powerless; they cannot even send a deputation to Downing Street. But perhaps some Member of Parliament who sees eye to eye with me on this subject

will bring it before the notice of the Home Secretary, or the First Commissioner of Works, or the Minister for Education, and ask whether the Government is or is not prepared to take any steps in the matter.

It is with the faint hope that this protest may have the result of arousing the national conscience that I bring these Moral Reflections to a close.

F. A.

THERE is a rumour of a possible recruit to the stage in the person of a well-known Society lady. "Psyche" in *The Gentlewoman* says: "Should the rumour prove true, one can predict large audiences at the playhouse where report says the *début* will take place—if, that is, it comes off at all." Were it not for the absence of the word "alleged" before "*début*," "rumour" and "report," we should say that "Psyche" was fairly safe from any libel action.

At a meeting of the Westbury District Council the Chairman made the important statement that "Dust raised by motor-cars killed the flies on the turnips." We hope this will encourage motorists to persevere.



MORE GRIEVANCES.

Chronic Grumbler. "Now, there's the Chaplain, 'e don't 'ave any work to do on this 'ere ship; an' the Captain o' Marines, 'e don't 'ave anythink to do, an' 'e 'as two bloomin' lootenants to 'elp 'im do it!"

PROVINCIAL REFORMERS.

[Lowestoft Town Council has passed a resolution urging the necessity for rearranging the Parliamentary Session, so that it shall commence in November and end in June "in the interests of the public generally, and especially in the interests of the holiday-making public and of British holiday resorts."]

This is by no means all. News reaches us of other and similar examples of parochial protest. Thus at a Babbacombe mothers' meeting recently it was proposed, and more, seconded, that the prerogatives of the Throne be seriously

curtailed. It was held by the speakers that His Majesty had liberties and privileges which were not within the compass of the ordinary British matron, and in the interests of communism a stand should be made.

At the annual meeting of the Hove branch of the Boys' Brigade it was unanimously decided that the constitution of the Royal Academy was in need of drastic reforms. The number of full Academicians, it was decided, should be reduced to twenty.

It has been resolved by the Town

Council of Bungay that the salary of the First Lord of the Treasury is too high. Many men in Bungay are found to fill public offices without reward, and it is held that the Prime Minister should do so too.

An enthusiastic meeting was held at the Parish Room, Peperharow, on Wednesday last, to settle the Education Question. After a number of gentlemen had spoken, the purpose of the gathering was fulfilled by a resolution relegating the present measure to limbo.

THE SCAPEGOAT.

IZZET PASHA, you have to bear
The blame for Turkey's failure, ah!
Though such a fate is far from rare,
We quite agree it is not fair—
Is it? Pasha.

Clearing up a Joke.

A READER of *The Evening News* writes asking us to explain our new name "Zulu" for the Baker Street and Waterloo Railway. In reply we beg to inform him that this humorous piece of nomenclature is London's new catch-phrase, and can be heard in every bus, tram, or steamer. It is also going the round of the provincial Clubs. The idea arose as follows: The Zoo, or Zoological Gardens, is in close proximity to Regent's Park Station on the above line. Loo is the tail-end of Waterloo. Zoo-loo, without change of sound, may be facetiously written as "Zulu," which is the name of a tribe now in revolt in South Africa. The title thus happily combines a succinct aptness with extreme modernity, and is cordially recommended to our correspondent.

C. M. S. describing in *The Westminster Gazette* the habits of a kitten, says:

"When he is whiter than snow, after a grand toilet, the cook declares that 'the rascal' always at once has a roll in the coal-hole, and certainly his mistress has more than once caught him red-handed in the deed."

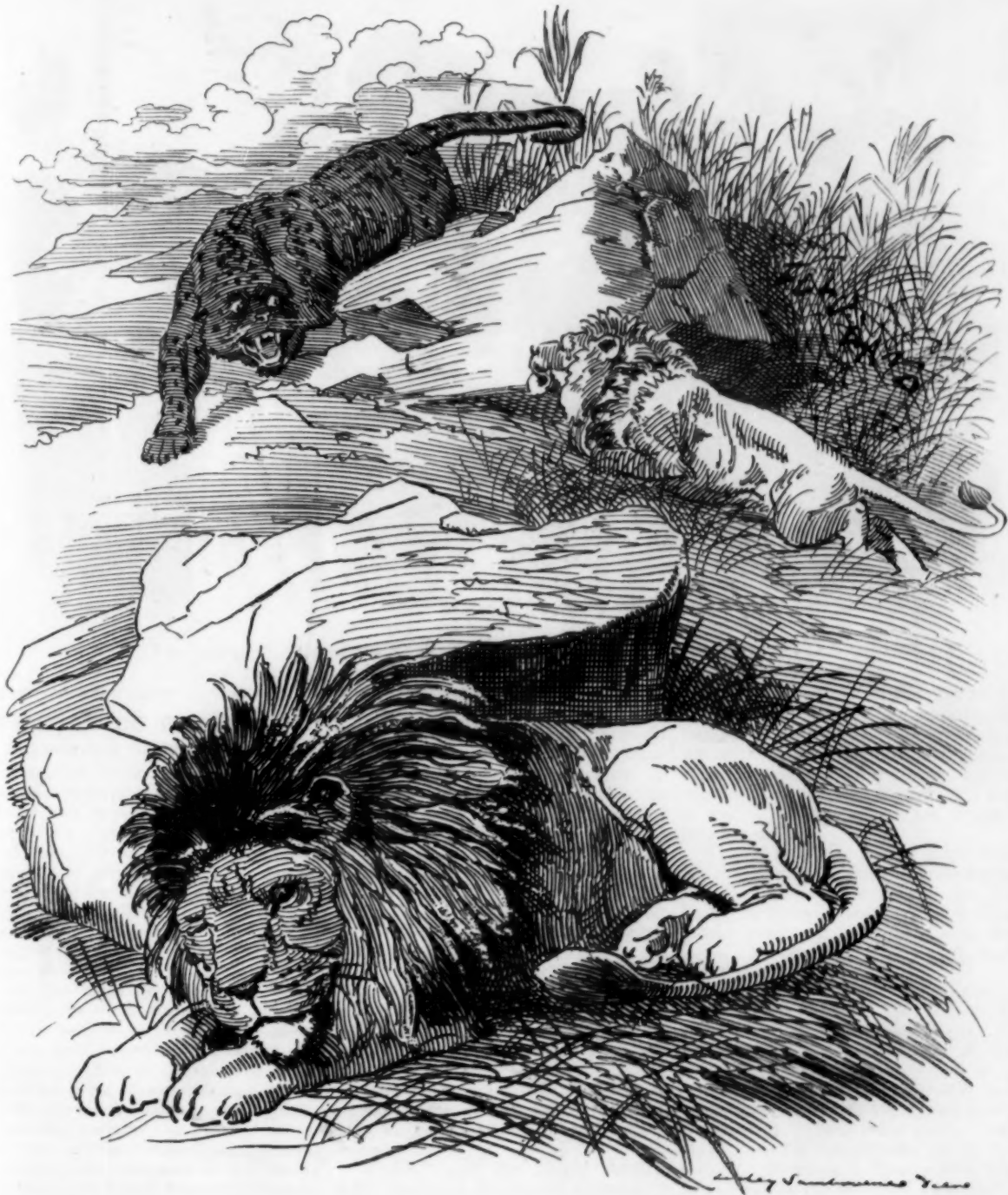
The kitten seems to have a tolerable eye for colour.

A GENTLEMAN writing to the daily Press on Taximeters signs himself "A Cab-Rider of over Forty Years' Standing." But surely this is a case where a man might have taken it sitting down?

"Lost on Monday night, a little black Pug; puts her tongue out; answers to Dora."

Yorkshire Evening Post.

WHEN one considers the difficulty of answering, even monosyllabically, with the tongue out, one realises the great value of Dora.



A PROUD PARENT.

BRITISH LION (to his Cub NATAL). "GO IT, YOUNG 'UN. I LIKE TO SEE YOU FIGHTING YOUR OWN BATTLES. BUT, IF YOU WANT ME, I'M HERE."



A FINE D. E. E. E. E.

THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES
HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE THAT
THE NEW YORK TIMES HAS BEEN
RECEIVED BY THE NEW YORK TIMES



Vicar's Daughter. "I HOPE YOU ARE ENJOYING THE MUSIC, MR. FOWLES?"

Old Woman. "DEARIE ME, MISS, THIS BRINGS ME BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN I USED TO SAW WOOD!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, May 14.—

LORD PORTSMOUTH is the soul of loyalty. Being also scrupulously veracious he would not deny, if challenged on his oath, that, had it pleased C.-B. to vary the current arrangement, place him at the head of the War Office and give him HALDANE as Under Secretary, the State would not have suffered. As it is, he accepts the situation, scrupulously performs the duties pertaining to it.

All the same he wishes either that HALDANE were in the Lords, or that WEMYSS were once more in the Commons. To one middle-aged as years count, but young in office, it is embarrassing to have this man of war hanging on his flank with inconvenient questions about Home Defence and Compulsory Service in the Militia. Something ominous to-night about movement of the Ensign General of the Royal Company of Archers. As a rule shoots his arrows from the cross bench behind that on which Royalty sits. It was here that, sometime within the last century, he with dramatic sweep of argumentative arm smote the hat of his present Gracious Majesty, then PRINCE OF WALES, seated in fancied security at

the corner of the Front Bench. Had Royalty been present to-night, it might reasonably be suspected that reminiscence of that untoward incident induced the ROYAL ARCHER to change his point of attack. Howbeit he presented himself from the Front Bench above that on which ex-Ministers sit.

Early getting range of the UNDER SECRETARY FOR WAR, he (of course in a Parliamentary sense) riddled him with many arrows. There was no surprise about the attack. On Friday last he put a plain question demanding straightforward answer.

"How long will it take to mobilise an army, and what would be its strength?"

The UNDER SECRETARY, having already learned the official habit of warding off inconvenient inquiry, declined to answer on the ground that it was contrary to public interest to supply the information.

"Pooh!" said the ROYAL ARCHER, deftly combing the UNDER SECRETARY'S hair with three arrows fired in swift succession, "there is not a military attaché in London who does not possess all the details. I can," he added, "supply them myself, and propose to do so on Monday."

This a pleasing variation on procedure

of an Irish Member in penultimate session of last Parliament. "Arising out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given," he said, sternly regarding the hapless Minister, "I beg to ask—." Then came the supplementary question.

WEMYSS avowedly had at finger-ends the information he sought from representative of the War Office. As the UNDER SECRETARY would not give it he should receive it. So here was the ROYAL ARCHER brimming over with answer to his own question.

Incidentally he referred to an episode in his own career, for honourable mention of which overhaul NAPIER or any other wollun of history of the Peninsular War. It happened at a critical moment. WELLINGTON had met MASSENA at Fuentes de Onoro and badly beaten him. That was good. But SOULT, hitherto indomitable, lay in the path of BERESFORD. How would the British fare in the inevitable struggle?

At this crisis WEMYSS—he was Lord ELCHO at the time—volunteered for active service. The effect was electrical, not only in this country, but with the tattered, ill-fed army under BERESFORD. They met the French at Albuera, and SOULT was shattered.

MR. HALDANE AS *Pooh Bah*.

"Speaking not as a soldier, but as a lawyer."

(Lord Robert Cecil said, "it appeared as if the Secretary of State for War had as many capacities as *Pooh Bah* in the comic opera.")

With characteristic modesty WEMYSS did not in his speech to-night directly indicate this affair. It was brought back to the mind of his hearers by the remark that some time later (it was in the first year of the present century), disgusted with the neglect of the Volunteer force by a tape-tied War Office, he finally sheathed the sword volunteered at this epoch of his country's history. Since 1900 the London Scottish have been bereft of the comradeship of their old Colonel.

Here he is to-night, apparently as young as ever, certainly as virile, demonstrating to his own perfect satisfaction that whilst Germany and France can mobilise their armies in three days, whilst little Switzerland can do it in two, the British Army exists only on paper, the Volunteers are a sham, the Militia a delusion.

After this the House proposed to get to business. On referring to the agenda there was found to be none. So noble Lords, careless of the dire straits of their country, went home to dress for dinner.

Business done.—In the Commons Plural Voting Bill read second time by 403 votes against 95.

House of Commons, Tuesday night.—"The question is that 'knowingly' stand part of the clause."

Thus the Chairman of Committees to a House suddenly filled by a murmuring throng. Ten minutes ago the Chamber almost empty. Seamen's and Soldiers' False Characters Bill under discussion. HALDANE in charge; lightly at succeeding turns of debate alternately assumes rôle of lawyer or garb of soldier. In absence of PRINCE ARTHUR, DON JOSÉ, and GEORGE WYNDHAM, Commissioners for performing duties and functions of Leader of the Opposition, BALCARRES obliges.

His forces represented by some half-dozen men including ARTHUR STANLEY, who by much mouthing of the syllables, placing the emphasis on the final one, invests the familiar word "character" with unsuspected qualities. To spell it *charac-tah* is but feebly to indicate a peculiarity in pronunciation which by repetition cast a spell over the House. You would see men on both sides intently watching him, scenting approach to the polysyllable, unconsciously working their lips in imitation of his pronunciation, gasping the echo "ah!" when he thundered the "*tah*."

But that is another story. BALCARRES, thirsting for blood, insisted on taking division on question whether the Bill should insist upon false characters being knowingly given. HALDANE, abandoning for moment characters of soldier and lawyer, dropping into that of raconteur, told pretty story illustrating the difficulty. A man was enlisted upon strength of written character from a householder who said he had known him for seven years, during which time his character

had been blameless, his conduct exemplary. It turned out that these seven years had been spent in penal servitude. The writer of the letter was his brother-in-law, who, finding a bad lot once more on his hands, made fresh effort to lodge him out at the expense of the State.

Crowd at Bar missed this story. Summoned by clang of division bell they rushed in to vote. Many ignorant of name of Bill under discussion. Few, if any, knew what "knowingly" imported if inserted in the clause. The Whips would show them which way to vote, and they were there to do their duty.

"Those that are of that opinion say 'Aye,'" said the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEES, reciting the formula of putting the question.

There was a cry of "Aye" from men following the flag of the bold BALCARRES.

"The contrary 'No.'"

A wave of conviction swayed the crowd at the Bar. They were mainly Ministerialists, flocking in like sheep at sound of wether bell. If the remnant behind Front Opposition Bench cried "Aye" they must needs shout "No"; which they did with a vigour, unanimity and consciousness of virtue that made superfluous the knowledge as to what they fought each other for. Then they went forth to division, and by a majority of 314 against 68 it was decided that the word "knowingly" should not be added to the clause.

Thus are we governed.

Business done.—Quite a lot. At 10.25 Orders of the Day had been cleared off, and so home to bed.

CHARLES DICKENS ON THE EDUCATION DISPUTE.

"But the Bigwig family broke out into violent family quarrels concerning what it was lawful to teach to this man's children. Some of the family insisted on such a thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and others of the family insisted on such another thing being primary and indispensable above all other things; and the Bigwig family, rent into factions, wrote pamphlets, held convocations, delivered charges, orations, and all varieties of discourses . . . threw dirt, exchanged pummelings and fell together by the ears in unintelligible animosity. Meanwhile this man, in his short evening snatches at his fireside, saw the demon Ignorance arise there and take his children to itself."—*Nobody's Story*.

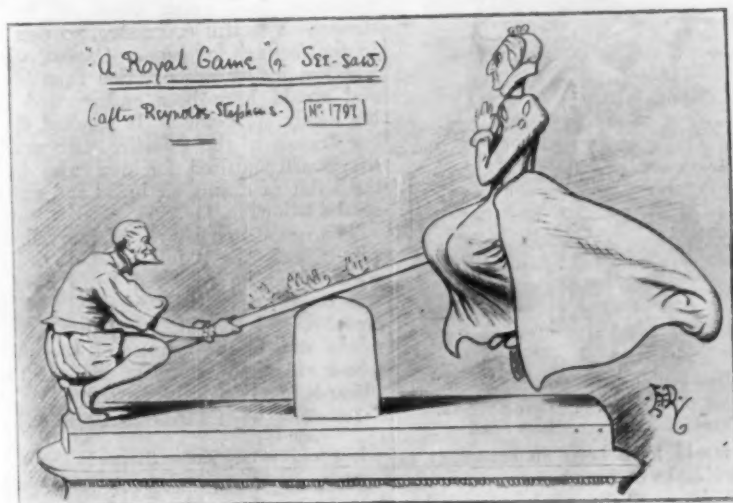
Professional Candour.

"HIGH-CLASS HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. —Examination successes quite exceptional."—*Manchester Courier*.



WAS THIS WHAT HE MEANT?

(Mr. Harcourt said he "could promise Mr. Chamberlain that if he 'came over to help them' there should be no tests for a repentant teacher. . . . Surely the husks of the out-voter could not be very satisfying diet. The fatted calf of the fully-qualified resident was awaiting his return.")



ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURES—RE-VARNISHED.

DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

I.—WOTAN.

FRICKA has really been very trying again to-day, and I am beginning to doubt whether she was worth the eye that I gave for her in a moment of temporary infatuation. It began at breakfast, when I told her a curious dream that I'd had about the Ring, and took the opportunity to outline the principal points of the Painful Story of my connection with that piece of jewellery. FRICKA was quite rude about it, and said that she never wished to hear the Painful Story again. She is really a most unreasonable woman, for it isn't a bad story, and I flatter myself that I tell it rather well. Besides, it's the only one I know.

Her temper was not improved when one of her rams cast a shoe, and she was obliged, in consequence, to walk up the hill to the rocky spot where I generally take my midday siesta. Of course, she was under no compulsion whatever to come, but it seems that some busybody has been telling about the conjugal difficulties of the HUNDINGS. I wish people would mind their own affairs and not go interfering with matters that don't concern them. However, the cat was out of the bag with a vengeance, and FRICKA, who is really becoming quite a Mrs. GRUNDY in her old age, was much upset about it. Of course, this little affair of SIEGMUND and SIEGLINDE is very deplorable, but HUNDING is such a boor and has treated his wife so shamefully that, to my mind, he deserved all he got. However, FRICKA's sympathies were all with the poor deserted

husband, though I can't imagine what she sees in him; and she nagged at me about it for half an hour or more. The result was that I got so flustered that before I knew where I was I'd promised to fight against my own child (her stepson). Somehow I never seem to get my own way now, although I'm supposed to be the boss god up here. I really don't know what times are coming to.

As ill luck would have it, just as FRICKA was going, who should turn up but BRÜNNHILDE, and the usual words followed. It is a great pity that BRUNNY and her step-mother don't hit it off better. BRUNNY is a dear girl, and was always a good daughter to me. There isn't a better listener in the whole of my large family; so, just to let off steam, so to

speak, I sat down and told her the whole of my Painful Story. BRUNNY knows a good story when she hears one, and she followed it with every appearance of interest, though, if she has heard it once, she must have heard it a hundred times. Intelligent girl, that.

To satisfy FRICKA I had to give BRUNNY directions about her conduct in the SIEGMUND-HUNDING duel, but either I didn't make myself quite clear or else she guessed what was passing at the back of her old father's mind. Anyway, when the crucial moment arrived, she started in on the wrong side, and if I hadn't chanced to be on the spot, goodness knows what would have happened.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Binka. "PUT ON YOUR HAT, JANE, OR YOU'LL CATCH COLD."

Certainly for several weeks life with FRICKA wouldn't have been worth living.

Of course I pretended to be simply furious, and, having managed to catch BRUNNY hiding on the top of some outlandish mountain, I promptly sentenced her to a term of solitary confinement, just to assert my authority. It seems rather stiff, but BRUNNY is a wonderful sleeper—never down for breakfast unless I call her myself—and I've no doubt she'll doze away most of her sentence pretty comfortably. Anyway, there she is, and there she'll stay till Mr. Right turns up and releases her. I shall miss her terribly, however, for she was so handy about the house, and none of the others knew how to mix their old father's night-cap so well as she.

(For the next few hundred pages the diary consists almost entirely of a list of the persons to whom the writer had told his Painful Story. It is not, indeed, until twenty years later that an entry occurs with which we need concern ourselves.)

Dropped down to MINE's this afternoon to see how my grandson SIEGFRIED is getting on; from all accounts he must be a big boy now, and it is high time that he heard the Painful Story. Unfortunately, he was out. On returning to Walhalla in the evening I found FRICKA in her tantrums again, so, seeing that it was no place for me, I decided to take a turn in the woods. By good luck

I remembered that a sporting match between SIEGFRIED and the Dragon was down for decision in the morning, and thought that I could not do better than go and see it. Punctually to time, SIEGFRIED put in an appearance, with a sword made out of some old scrap steel I remember breaking up some years ago. Then the fun began, such as it was, but I must confess that I found the match a little disappointing. Of course, I would put my money on SIEGFRIED any day, but I never expected it to be quite such a walk-over. FAFNER was evidently quite out of training, and gave a very poor display. That cave of his is wretchedly damp, and he has been a perfect martyr to rheumatism of late, so that SIEGFRIED had matters all his own way.

I met him in the wood a little later, and stopped him for a friendly talk about things in general. He seems to have been very badly brought up, and I don't think I like him much. He was positively rude to me several times, and ended

up by smashing my walking-stick. I am really much annoyed about that stick as, covered as it was by notches or runes, each of which represented a separate and distinct occasion on which I have narrated my Painful Story, it was a most interesting memento. Its loss, combined with some disquieting news which I received from EIDA to-day, has quite upset me, and I am not feeling at all myself. Perhaps, however, it is only these late hours. I shall sleep it out to-morrow, and have told WALTRAUTE not to call me till ten.

The Lady's World pays a compliment awkwardly, but none the less with real feeling. "It is difficult," we read, "to find a more many-sided woman than the Countess."

THE PASSING OF THE COW.

[The *Mail*, in the course of some remarks on vegetarianism, says that the cow, as a butter-producing animal, has now been entirely superseded by the following vegetable fats: Nutter, Nocoline, Nuttene, Albene, Cocolarado, Vejsu.]

THERE may be some devoted to Nuttene,
Others who, while admitting choice is hard, owe
Their health, or so they think, to Nocolene,
With now and then a touch of Cocolarado
Vejsu remains the vegetable fat
That I most wonder at.

"Vejsu!"—regard it merely as an oath,
Conceive it, if you will, a foreign city;
Vejsu—a game, a dramatist (or both),
Was ever in the world a word so pretty?
Vejsu—some men would find a rhyme, but I
Simply refuse to try.

And what of her, calm-eyed and long of tail,
Now superseded by this kind of batter,
As truthfully narrated in the *Mail*,
Making our history a different matter?
I think of MARY, and BOY BLUE, and JACK,
And do not wish her back.

That MARY who, regardless of the tide,
And urged by fears for the ensuing butter,
Called by the banks of Dee, and calling died
With not a transitory thought for Nutter;
Would she had known (though calling as desired)
The cattle *were*n't required!

That JACK, whose effort in the building trade
Was such that, in the end, a tattered waster,
Coming across the lonesome dairy maid,
Without so much as "By your leave," embraced her—
How innocent the story might have been,
"Bowdlerised" with Nuttene!

That Little Boy who waked to blow his horn,
Not lovingly as one whose soul is in it,
But lustily—to conjure from the corn
The cow who drifted thither ev'ry minute—
Vejsu! His case is wild with all regret;
He might be sleeping yet!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, worthy man, is writing and illustrating a history of *English Costume*, in four sections (A. AND C. BLACK). When I get to Section IV. I shall be anxiously wondering just what is meant by the slit up the back of my coat, speculating upon the difference (if any) between *foulard*, *furbelow*, and *feuilleton*. I look forward to an exciting hour with Sec. IV., but I feel bound to express here my regret that Sec. I.—Early English—ever came into my hands. In my vocabulary there are certain words which have hallowed associations, that depend for their romance upon no subtlety of derivation or definition; it is the word itself that creates the atmosphere, and once the word is explained the atmosphere goes. Take "wimple" as an example. "Wimple" has always been one of the really romantic words—until Mr. CALTHROP came along. He tears the veil of mystery away from it. A wimple, says this sacrilegious man, "is a piece of silk or white linen held to the hair in front by pins and allowed to flow over the head at the back." I suppose it is, Mr. CALTHROP, if you say so; but, begging your pardon, it used to be something much better. "Wimple" was the long white road that led to the moated castle; "wimple" was the haughty baron that owned the

castle; "wimple" was the fair EDITHA imprisoned there, it was the bold Sir GILBERT that rode up to the gate leading his lady's palfrey, it was the attack and the moon-lit escape. "Wimple" was three centuries of love and battle in six letters—and Mr. CALTHROP tells us it is a piece of silk! (Sometimes not even silk!) Take again "surcoat," "jerkin," "gorget," "hauberck," all alive with the true spirit of romance. ("By my jerkin, but I will catch thee a right merry buffet in the surcoat!") This seven-and-sixpenny volume elbows its way into a cheerful picture of slaughter with an explanation as to how exactly a surcoat is cut! Shame! Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, and you with such a romantic name yourself!

For the *gnädige* Frau Baronin von HUTTEN
I care much more than a pin or a button.
I think I could pass a stiff exam
In her story of *What Became of Pam*.
This *Pam* was a girl who was very human,
A rare rich lovable loving woman.
Wherever she went she made a stir,
And if you'd know what became of her
You can buy the book on the usual plan
From Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
It'll do as a cure for melancholy,
For it's light and lively and very jolly.

There is a pretty touch of fraternal piety in Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's selection of the name of *Alfred* for the hero of his parliamentary novel *The Arena*. And I should like to say what a pleasant glow of satisfaction came over me as I read this work. For three hours I fairly jostled against Prime Ministers and people. In the ordinary way one regards a Prime Minister as something abstract, like GAUKRODGER; but I realise now that perhaps even Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has his doubts and troubles with the rest of us. The *motif* of the book is the struggle of the "rising young politician" between his duty to his constituency and his duty to his wife and parents. There is also a handsome Army cousin with a "gleaming smile," and there are moments when *Alfred's* wife is tempted to "follow the gleam"; but I find it difficult to believe in him, though knowing from various advertisements just what the smile was like. The book before the House is *The Arena*, by HAROLD SPENDER (published by CONSTABLE). Those in favour of it, "Aye." Contrary, "No." The "Ayes" have it.

Mr. LUCY, whose books are a pleasure to all
And whose record is great, though his size may be small,
Has poured from his fresh inexhaustible founts
A new Parliamentary book of accounts.
Through the scenes of five years he invites you to stray,
And beguiles you with pictures by REED and PHIL MAY.
Now we ask any reader and friend where the deuce he
Can find a book brighter than this one by LUCY.
It's a volume of capital gossip and chat,
Where the style is as smart as the humour is pat.
From his perch where our Toby sits taking his notes
He listens to speeches and watches the votes,
And then he flies home, does this excellent bee,
And makes combs of honey for you and for me
The name of his last is—it's sure to have caught on—
The Balfourian Parliament (HODDER AND STOUGHTON).

FROM an advertisement of a silversmith in Gracechurch Street:

"Fine Watches. Will go for thirty hours. Short wind."

This is a remarkable performance for a watch in admittedly bad training. After thirty hours, we suppose, it gets its second wind, and then goes on for another thirty without the least distress.